The Sound Interrupt

Issue #6 / Spring Edition

$1.00

Featuring: RiseAgainst

LA MANTRA DE FHIQRIA

BOYLION

Editorial

You know it is finally spring when you see a nun yelling, "that goddamn motherfucker…motherfuck!" after getting mugged by a fine looking teenage boy. Yep, I love spring. I know my readers do to and that is why I compiled a list of things that you might want to try out during this spring season. We'll start off with the slurpy, and I'm not referring to the sexual act where someone puts snow in their mouth while giving someone else a blow job and then tells that person what flavor their cum tasted like after its all over. I'm talking about the slurpy you would buy at a convenient store. You see, spring is a great time to show appreciation for joggers. It takes a lot of energy to get back out on the streets for a daily jog and we should show these 30 to 40 year men in spandex that we appreciate their triathlon ways. So what you do is get a large slurpy and a friend to drive with you and search around town for a jogger. After stalking one for a couple minutes you drive up a few blocks in the direction that he is running to meet up with his bald headed ass. Have your friend in the passenger seat role down their window and make sure that your friend will be facing the jogger when you drive by them. As the jogger begins to get ready to run across the street, slam on your gas and yell "fuck you!" as you through the slurpy out the window at the joggers face. I'm telling you, the joggers love this kind of shit. After a hard run a jogger more than welcomes a nice, cold, thirst quenching slurpy right in his face. Think about it, instead of having to jog all the way to the convenient store to get a slurpy, you are giving the jogger one right then and there and the best part is…. it's all free! Another great thing to do in the spring is uprooting people's front lawns while they are sleeping. It's truly a great thing. When these people wake up they say shit like "where's my lawn" and "what happened to my lawn". If you want to get real creative you can uproot their lawn and place it all neatly on their driveway. This will cause people to say stuff like "my lawn is now my driveway but my driveway is now not my lawn". I have done my share of lawn tricks in the past too. Since the springtime usually comes with a lot of political races there is always a large amount of signs on people's front lawns, promoting their favorite candidate. A couple years back, I decided to help my religion teacher out. She always mentioned how she wanted her candidate to win the race so one night a couple of friends and I went around the town taking all of her favorite candidates signs off people's front lawns and placed them all on hers. And what do you know, a week later her candidate was elected and it was all because of me. Sure, everyone thought she was an asshole from then on, after they saw all the signs on her lawn, but she got what she wanted and I gave it to her through a nice religious lesson that I like to call "thou shall not ignore the signs (of the lord)". Ryan 3:16

Back Issues: If you only knew how low these print runs were you'd all be on E-Bay right now bidding for this shit!

Send the stuff to:
The Sound Interrupt
196 Fairfield
Elmhurst, IL 60126
hewhocorrupts@hotmail.com

Ads and Distro: ¼ of a page rings up at $10 while the big ½ of a page cranks the price up to $15. Can you handle it? If you can then try your luck at distributing The Sound Interrupt by grabbing 10 copies at an amazingly low price of 50 cent pieces each. Next issue comes out in June so don't delay! Send now!

On the cover: What a kid looks like after he has found out what a fart is.

Subscriptions: Take the gamble. Send $5 to the address that should be pasted somewhere on this page. You will receive 4 issues, which come out seasonally, and some chicken to stick your dick in.

Reviews: Of course, send anything.(records, zines, etc.) Though I have been rumored to give only good reviews I'm planning on giving everyone bad reviews in future issues.

Letters

Dear Sound Interrupt,

Your zine a.)is a fine piece of ass b.)needs a lot of god damn exercise before it can walk the streets again c.)leaves an awful taste in my mouth that could only be duplicated by dog urine, seven sorority girls, and three firecrackers. My favorite part about your zine was a.)tossing around the idea that there really is no other zine that can compete with your zine b.)when my friends and I all sat around on my couch laughing at how many proofreading errors you made while we smoked pot and listened to Jefferson Airplane c.)finding the secret coupon in the back of this issue for cheap sex behind my local Wal-Mart. While reading The Sound Interrupt I could not help but think of a.)how intellectually frustrating it will be for the likes of Stephen King and Danielle Steels to find that they will be replaced one day by a cussing, perverted freak, who wrote The Sound Interrupt in his early days b.)dumping two buckets of fuck you plaster all over your face c.)the greatest band on earth, Art Loinz and the Wett Dixxx! If I had to change one thing about The Sound Interrupt I would a.)ask Fat Records to buy an ad so I wouldn't have to fund this zine by letting little girls hit me with tree branches at one dollar a smack b.)drop a bottle of white out on every fucking page before I printed it c.)place a photocopy of my secretary's ass on the front cover... or should it be the back cover? I read The Sound Interrupt a.)after I snorted up the cocaine that blocked each line b.)after losing a bet that involved my ass, a lighter, and my hope for gas to shoot out of my ass in one minute c.)to gain insight on the best way to spank my 4-year-old child after he asked his mother if she would like "pizza or a good fuck". Looking back now, The Sound Interrupt has taught me many lessons that are applicable to my life, like a.)who needs a condom when you have The Sound Interrupt to protect you b.)a dollar can sure buy a whole lot of shit today c.)you shouldn't eat plants because they are living things too... and could have feelings.

Keep up the good work a.)go b.)eat c.)shit

Sign here_____

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Columns

DAVE HOFFA

The Devil Made Me Do It

I enjoy writing for this zine, and even though I'm once again like 5 days late getting this done, I'm doing my best to put something together. Life in general has been up and down as of late, so I've had a hard time sorting out what I wanted to write about. There were a few things that I've noticed lately. For example, I was at the gas station I always go to (and I mean always…my mom has even been going there for as long as I can remember) a while back, and I went inside to pay for my gas (duh). The lady working was the lady that's normally there, propped on her stool and looking bored but with a cheery disposition nonetheless. I gave her my money and took another look at the homemade tattoos she has that I see every time I go there. As always, she asked how I was doing and we made small talk like usual, but this time her son (or who I'm assuming was her son) was there with her. She went to hand me my dollar-something change back and for some reason I said: "Give it to him so he can get something to rot his teeth with." Her son looked at me and lit up like a Christmas tree, fairly excited that he was being told by a total stranger to eat candy, I guess. So she said "alright…are you sure?" and I was, so I said so. She told him to say thank you and he did, and I told her I would see her next time, which I did. Now, I'm not saying that I'm some fucking amazing human being because I gave the gas station lady's kid a buck for a candy bar. I'm fairly sure that he could have whatever candy he wanted to in the place, actually. But, for a fleeting second I remembered what it was like as a bored kid with my parents at some family function (or work or wherever) when an adult took the time to acknowledge that I was alive (like the time I had to go to some wedding reception when I was like 6 and the guys running the place let me watch wrestling on a TV in an office). It's a good feeling…that's all. I guess deep down inside I actually like to make people happy. Including myself, which leads me to my next thought…it steinmed from seeing the lady and her kid at the gas station that same night, really. I was like: "I've seen that same lady at the gas station for as long as my memory can serve me…I wonder if she'll ever move on." Her and her son just seemed so happy and content with the fact that they were in a gas station at like 9 at night and it bewildered me. So I thought: "Why can't more people be happy with what they have?" I know that I need as many possessions as the next guy (mainly records) to be content at times, but it made me think. So not too long after this incident my parents went out of town for a week. I had nothing to do one night so I re-arranged my stereo components to better suit my music listening needs. After I was done, I took a look around my room and was like: "I don't use half this shit, and I don't wear half these clothes." I got some big garbage bags and filled them with a bunch of crap that was just cluttering the area and threw it in the garbage. Then, I went through all of my clothes and donated like 3 garbage bags to Goodwill. Now, once again, I'm not saying I'm some fucking amazing person because I threw some crap out and donated some old clothes to Goodwill. It's just that I am now just as happy (if not happier) without all that stuff than I was with it lying around. After all, you can't take it with you (unless you're a Pharaoh, I guess), so I hope one of these days I meet someone 20 years younger than me that will take care of my records when I'm dead and gone. No Goodwill is taking those and selling my first Los Crudos record on red vinyl to some schmoe for .25 that will use it as a coaster…no way…which leads me to my next thought. Death is pretty damn scary. Right before my parents left on that same vacation, my mom informed me that my Grandma had had some chest pains. Which, for an old person is far worse than it is for a young person (I suppose). My

Grandma was on my mind a lot that week, and it made me think of how much I would rather stab myself in the face or light myself on fire rather than come home and find one of my parents dead. That same Grandma lost her husband to a heart attack and found him lying on the floor under the sink because he had died while trying to fix it. I clearly remember my dad being over at her old house many years back doing some work under her sink and she was so upset seeing him down there it was unbearable. Can you imagine that? Awful. Maybe it's because of my whole "non-religious" thing. I'm not too sure that there's an afterlife, so maybe I'm a bit scared that I'm going to Hell…but I doubt it (after all, wouldn't you eventually get used to it like in a hot tub?). I think that it mostly comes from the fact that what happens to you after you die is totally unknown to all of mankind. Sure, there's plenty of speculation, but that's all it is…speculation. It's one of the few things that I doubt science will be able to figure out in any of our lifetimes. Maybe we'll all have to face the Sun-God Ra like the Egyptians thought, or maybe we'll get re-incarnated accordingly until we reach Nirvana (or however that works) like the Krishna folks believe. Who knows? Like I said last time, I know I have the time I have right now, so I'm doing my best to have fun and make the most of it. But everyone has to kick the ol' bucket one of these days, and that's where the worry sets in. Then I start to think: "Will anyone even care when I'm dead? Will I have any friends? A wife? Kids?!?! Is anyone going to mourn me? Where will all my stuff go? Who will feed my dogs? Will someone buy me a nice casket or will they put me in a potato sack and toss me in a mass grave? I hope they don't think less of me when they find that porno stashed in the vegetable crisper! And so on…I really don't know where I'm going with this (and I obviously have issues), but all in all, death is scary to me, yet highly interesting at the same time. What happens to us? Do I get the opportunity to redeem my earthly sins at the last minute so I can get into heaven? Can I be a ghost and haunt people if I want to? Is it like "Beetlejuice" at all?! I sure hope so. Okay. This column was really lame and boring, and I'm sorry, but Durkin needed something, and this crap was what I was thinking about at the time. Chances are I'll expand on the whole death-thing next time. Bye. Playlist as of late: Dying Fetus: "Destroy the Opposition", The Beatles: all!, The Locust: "Flight of the Wounded Locust", The Swarm: "Ol' Blue Eyes is Dead", Less Than Jake: "Hello Rockview!", Blackstar: "S/T" (I think it's self titled at least…that and the mos def/talib kweli solo records), I Hate Myself: all!, Terrorizer: "World Downfall", Rainer Maria: all!, At the Gates: "Slaughter of the Soul". Injury update: broken collarbone takes 6 months to heal to 100 % according to Dr. Guido Marra, 9 stitches in left shin (from walking into the corner of a coffee table) come out next Tuesday the 3rd of April courtesy of Dr. Jim Boblik, broken heart is on the mend, I think. Contact: youngdave@spontaneous.com.

The Art of Doing It Wrong

For those of you who don't know, I've had ten million problems with making Sinister's Chicago comp. So I thought I'd write about it, and for anyone who does a label or will in the future, maybe it will help you out. It all started when I worked for Victory Records my sophomore year, so 2 years ago. One of the guys who worked there with me, Chuck, gave me an idea to do a Chicago comp with hardcore bands. Then in the fall of 1999 I started asking bands to be on this. By this time it turned into a punk/hc comp instead of just hardcore, I dig all types of shit so I thought it would be cool to make it eclectic. Everyone was pretty awesome about getting back to me and setting up recording time. We were going to give the bands their own page to do whatever they wanted to in the book. I got in touch with Mike Ech (Landos 45 and Story so Far) to see if he wanted to do the cover art, he said yeah. He emailed me a rough sketch of what he was thinking

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and it looked pretty awesome, I was amped. I got all the recordings by early summer and sent them to get mastered with Jeff Merkel. He finished it, it sounded amazing, and I had it in my hands August 16th. Now we had to wait for the art. I set up a show in October in conjunction with Supersleuth for their record release and the comp release. Supersleuth, Frontside, John Brown Battery and Myopia were playing. The show came around, but the comps didn't, but the show was amazing. It was Brett's, from John Brown Battery, last show with the band. In fact I didn't even send off a copy of the art to the pressing plant yet, so I felt like a big fucking idiot. Mike eventually got me the art and I sent it in to the pressing plant. They couldn't use it because of the format or something along those lines. The girl who was working on the project at the plant just left so Mike talked to the boss to see what he had to do. He told him what to do, Mike did it, and we resubmitted the art, still no good. Mike did everything the owner wanted, however the art guy they had working there now said the boss didn't know what he was talking about. So we resubmitted the art again, some files were corrupt, we sent another zip, and another, all together about 7 or 8 zip disks went over there. There were a couple of times they told me it was all good and it will be going to film and then called me a few hours later saying it was all fucked up again. It was one headache after another, and all the bands were pretty awesome about the problems so that was a relief. Finally I talked to Doug Ward, he usually does the films and mastering for my projects but he was in Russia when we were going to be getting this done. He said he'd help out, so I was relieved that someone I knew, that knew what he was talking about was working on this and maybe he could mediate both sides and figure out what was going wrong! I resubmitted another zip, the last zip before Tim and I were going to drive to Virginia and break some heads, and Matt the art guy, got it to work. I thought it was strange that the moment I talked to someone else about doing the films, shit got done. Whatever, finally months after it was supposed to come out, we'll have a CD soon. If your band or label is planning to do a record make sure that you talk to the pressing plant about the art. My first 7", I had a print out from a computer and gave it to the printing place. I

had no idea what 4 color processing was. Learn about it and/or ask someone who has done it before for pointers. People who know what they are doing: Doug Ward, www.maximumnoise.com(sound and art, in Chicago), Jeff Merkel www.mach8.com(sound). If anyone needs anything regarding this kind of thing, email me, I learned a lot through this experience and I can probably point you in the right direction if I don't know what to tell ya. The only thing I will miss from working on this comp is Sig Transit Gloria collectively and individually asking me "where's my fucking comp". Yeah! Craig's spring playlist, Saves the Day, Alkaline Trio, Frontside, Sig Transit Gloria, AFI, Boy Sets Fire, Grade. For the lastest breaking Sinister news visit www.sinisterlabel.com or email me and say hi at Sinisterec@aol.com. Thanks Ryan!

The Beauty of Shared Diseases

This is the most obvious difference I've seen between the boys and the girlies. Girls are self-righteous and back-stabbing, while guys have the tendency to be a little more honest. Girls have taught themselves to justify everything that comes out of their mouths...while we're straight-faced lying to you, we're thinking of how to back up whatever we just said. I know, I know, it's pathetic, but that's just the way it is. So the justification of the lie would be this...to girls, this is all a big popularity contest, and if you have to lie to be thought of differently, then that's what they do. The contest involves everything: who has the most friends, who comes home the least, who drops out of school the fastest to pursue their telemarketing dream careers, and who winds up with the most diseases. In this big

contest, so far I've won: girl most likely to get her ass kicked by a gang of lipstick lesbians. I got a letter in regards to a past article I did. The letter basically defended guys and said that girls are the root of all that's evil. He thought that I was blaming the fault of relationship mistakes/problems on guys...it's safe to say that my article could have been, and officially has been misunderstood. At that point I wasn't pointing blame at either the boys or the girlies, I just said that as a girl, it's hard to determine the boy who's being honest, who's lying through his teeth, and who has genital warts. Anyway, now that it's been brought up, it's safe to say that I tend to be more partial to boys. I'm not talking about who I'm physically attracted to, I'm saying as friends, it just seems like boys are more capable of being decent than girls are. The way girls are, if we're friends with someone who looks tired or pissed, we tell them that they "look cute". I don't understand the logic in that...maybe there isn't any logic involved in that kind of a process. In a way I can understand the need to try to make someone feel better, but you'd think that we'd try to make it less obvious. (you'd think that, and you'd be wrong). Boys solve this by not mentioning it. You gotta respect that. Just ignore the problem and eventually it'll go away. I'm all for that theory. Ryan's article requests always come up when I'm in the middle of another little semi-personal, semi-public issue. The past few months I've been sticking to the same subjects, but as soon as I'm done with all this, I swear I'll move on to a new idea. But for now, being that this is what I'm going through, this is what you have to go through (patience). Just for the record, I'm not saying that all the ladies and all the boys fit into the lovely little stereotype that I clarified earlier...but it's pretty damn close.

In: Wendy's Honey Ham and Chicken, Out: McDonald's ratburger with cheese
In: Swearing, Out: Praying
In: Conan O'Brien's Al Gore-as-a-robot impersonation, Out: Donny Osmond's I'm-a-pretty-boy realization
In: Menthol cigarettes (because nobody will bum them from you), Out: Unfiltered cigarettes (way too harsh on the throat)
In: Rogaine, Out: Toupees
In: Marsh mellow spread, Out: Preserves
In: Kid-N-Play, Out: DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince
In: Being cool, Out: Acting like you're a nerdy artsy guy to pick up chicks
In: The Goonies, Out: The Breakfast Club
In: Steaks on the grill, Out: Veggie burgers
In: Swimming, Out: Not wanting to wear a bathing suit in front of girls
In: Jackie Chan, Out: Chuck Norris (er, Walker: Texas Ranger)
In: 1960's reggae music, Out: White dudes who try too damn hard to play it
In: Jazzcore, Out: Cutesy emotional music
In: Black Sabbath, Out: Metallica (post-"Black Album" stuff)
In: Revenge Of The Nerds, Out: Acting like a pansy artsy indie geek-boy to pick up chicks....and remember kids, you can always say hello to me at danagent@hotmail.com. Thanks for supporting the magazine that parents love to hate, The Sound Interrupt!

JOHN FINALDI

DAN AGENT

The In / Out List

So What's The Problem?

Hi again (All five of you who read this column). For the past month or so, I've had this great idea to do a column about one of my favorite Chicago bands, Dischrist, but at the last minute, I changed my mind. The past few days I've been seeing and hearing a lot about the school shooting that went down recently in the San Diego area.

Its had me thinking a bunch, and its also got me really mad. In the wake of all the shootings that have gone down, parents, and teachers start looking to find out what went wrong, who is to blame for it all, so they start nailing it on rock stars, and movies. Chances are if you're reading this zine, and are in high school, or have been within the past five years or so, you know what a load of shit that is. Looking back at the four years of hell I called high school, I can tell you what the problem is. It probably won't come to a surprise to you, but I wasn't the most popular kid back when I was in high school. I got that wonderful "freak" label that I really wasn't trying for like some (most) kids do. But however it came about, going to school in a Napalm Death shirt, with long hair and combat boots, got me my fare share of crap from the more glamorous kids of the school. I got pushed into lockers, watched my friends get thrown into dumpsters, or down the stairs, (note I was a bigger kid so I didn't take much physical abuse) and was called, a freak, a fag or whatever. So after this builds up and fighting back doesn't get you anywhere, you may run to the principal, or whoever is in charge for help, as one of my friends did. After having his backpack thrown down the hall, and a project he made in art class destroyed by some guy on the football team, he and a few of his friends (myself included) went off to bring it to the attention of the school. Within just a few minuets the blame was turned on us. It was assumed that we had to do something to bring it all on. They hardly heard us out, and sent us back to class, where sure enough the next day we were getting pushed around again. So right there, to all the government people, concerned parents, fearful Christian groups, I'm telling you what the problem is. If you keep ignoring the kids that are getting picked on, and putting the blame on them, you hallways are gonna fill up with dead students, when a kid who has been pushed to far finally snaps. Even though, it's been a while since I've been out of high school, I'm sure it hasn't changed all that much. And it's not the music these days, hell, I listened to Suicidal Tendencies before I went to school and never killed anyone (have you ever listened to Lights, Camera Revolution? If that didn't give me a reason to off some kid who was fucking with me then nothing would have). So after we've tried to shift the blame off on Marilyn Manson, or whoever is popular with the kids now, (I honestly don't know, I find Johnny Cash cool these days). I've finally heard them start targeting the bullies of the school, and talking about kicking them out if they are caught tormenting other kids. Well that's great and all, but I guarantee you, if they do this they will most likely target the wrong people as usual, and the vicious cycle continues. In the mean time the bloodshed continues, and it's just another day in the wonderful world of America's schools.

KEVIN CORAZZA

Where Will The Bands Play?

It had been rumored for the longest time, but a few months ago it was officially confirmed in an article in the Chicago Reader: the Fireside Bowl would indeed be closing its doors. Many people either raised their fists in anger or just felt sad about the whole matter. Me personally, I don't know what to think. I'm pretty indifferent about the whole matter. The Fireside is closing since the city of Chicago wants to expand an adjacent park. The Fireside is in the way the city claims. Many people may ask, "There's tons of parks in the city, why can't they just leave this one alone?". The answer to this simple question is complex. The park in question is (according to the city of Chicago) the busiest in the city, thereby the reasons to expand the park is "justified". Who would question a city's initiations to further aid smaller kids in these times, instead of helping out "trashy punk rockers"? I really have to question this reason. I have been to the Fireside a million times it seems, and have hardly seen any kids playing there at all. Maybe I just haven't been there at the "peak" hours, I don't know. To make matters worse, the city of Chicago has held several meetings to

h SciTech continues
its programs and add
oits, its mission re-
e: to make scientific

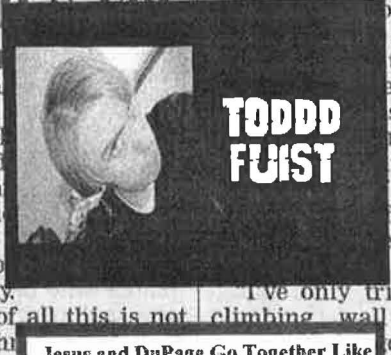
Aurora, who teaches her
daughters, ages 3 to 10.
"Sometimes we go to learn
something specific that we are

discuss possible solutions to the matter. Allegedly, the Fireside's owner did not attend any of these meetings nor did he protest this unfortunate situation in the least. Usually when a business is cleared for "other renovations" the owner of the land is paid (for a profit) a significant sum. To me this is just the nail in the Fireside's coffin; plain and simple the owner does not care. He inherited the Fireside from his deceased father. At that time (as everyone knows) it was a bowling alley. He then went around and changed it into one of the most respected and well-known independent music venues in the country. Like I stated before, the owner stands to make a good profit with the Fireside closing (more than he has made in all these years of running shows). A lot of people don't realize this, they just think that "big brother" has way too much power and we cannot do anything about this, but this is simply not true. Many of the opinions I have expressed really aren't totally my own. What I am doing is in turn with my own thoughts, speaking for the loyal Fireside goers that I have discussed this with at length. The most important thing in independent music is the DIY attitude. There are countless venues/bands/labels who never make a profit but are just so happy with their jobs and what they are doing. To me, the owner does not care about this DIY notion, only looking to take a wonderful opportunity and run with it even though it'll disappoint many kids out there. I really don't think that people realize what a huge loss this will be to the independent music community. I can't tell you how many bands across the country will be shut out of coming here and playing. Sure, people have talked about all the shows moving to the Metro, but I think that's bull. True, the Metro has hosted many great punk shows, but that venue in question is way different than the Fireside. The Metro's show lineup is very diverse. One night there may be a punk band, but then the next day there will be a jazz band or something to that effect. There's no way with the Fireside closing that the Metro is just going to go out and book punk shows saying "sorry everyone else (other genres) we will not book you due to the demand of these other bands who have no place to play". At the Fireside, it was different. Everyday there's a show (sometimes two different shows a day) and all of it is underground/independent music. Because of this, every band on the planet has virtually come around and played there, there's tons of shows. The Metro, yes, will continue to host good shows, but you will not get that everyday show sense that the Fireside has. Instead of "daily" or perhaps "weekly" shows to go to, the Metro offers "monthly" shows to go to. The best weapon we have as Americans is our free speech. We all need to go out and let our feelings and thoughts be known throughout the area. Since we are not getting any help from the people at the Fireside, it seems that it's all up to us to save this beloved venue. I think that's what has hurt this situation the most: there are countless of people that will be affected, but they are all just sad and moping around doing nothing. I invite these people to get off their asses and do something about this. Let your opinions be known to the management at the Fireside and anyone else in the Chicago wards or government. I can assure you that by writing one letter to the city of Chicago, it will not stop the Fireside closing, but if more than one person does, more people in turn will be listening. Myself, I wrote an open letter to Richard Daley. I got a response back saying, "We are aware of this situation, but there has been virtually no response from young people like yourself to make this a meaningful issue to address further." See what I mean? If more people became active something positive may come out of this. Please take the advice I have given and think hard about what I have said. I think many people will not understand the repercussions of this until its been virtually closed down, and there's fewer shows to go see. Only then will people wake up I imagine, and it will be a shame.

RYAN DURKIN

Thoughts on the Season

Spring: What's a dickfur?



Jesus and DuPage Go Together Like Stink and Shit

I can't figure out how to begin this thing. Oh well, two things today. For one, I'd like to talk about DuPage hardcore. For another, I'd like to talk about faith in a higher power, inspired by Hoffa's column in the last Sound Interrupt. So DuPage. The word on everyone's lips is "Fireside" as the place is closing down. I can honestly say I could care less. I go to see shows there less and less. The place is an excuse for apathy. An excuse for people to get lazy and let someone else do the work for them. You just show up, pay your x number of dollars, sit in the bar till the band you want to see plays, watch them, then leave. It's a monument to the punk rock oligarchy. It's --the-- place in Chicago you have to play in order to legitimize yourself as a band. It's --the-- place where almost all touring punk and hardcore bands come to play. It's --the-- place you better be in good with someone who books if you want anyone within 40 miles of downtown Chicago to even consider you a punk band. Fuck all that. Don't get me wrong. I've seen some of the greatest shows ever there. I've played some of the greatest shows ever there. "Chicago punk rock" probably wouldn't be a phrase that could be uttered with any seriousness had the Fireside not existed and the people who run it not worked tirelessly to make it what it is, which is one of the coolest venues in America. I will always have a soft spot in my heart for its memory. That's all, however. Suddenly people are saying shit like "where are shows going to go on now???" and "well... I know a guy who has a basement in his apartment building that would let us do a show like, once a year...". And once again, I'm left wondering why no one will acknowledge the fact that lots of people put on their own shows, especially out in the suburbs. I live in the city, but my punk rock heart of hearts is out in DuPage county where we've been putting on shows, fests, bar-b-que's, and just about anything else for as long as I've been playing the guitar. Now I know that there's a certain jaded mentality built into being a punk kid in the big city, and I know it's fun to complain about how you can't get out to shows "out there", but to the 97% of you who are actually middle class kids from the suburbs just slumming it in the city while you go to college (like me), get over your pretend, nihilistic urbanism for a second, borrow your parents mini-van, and drive out to see one show at the Sportsplex or in someone's basement. The fireside, once again, is an excuse to not have to venture more than five minutes to find a bunch of bored-with-life fucks like yourself who can't be bothered to see what's just down the street. So that's that. We love putting on shows, we do it about two or three times a month, as do many others out in the suburbs, and in certain areas of the city, and I, for one, am very proud of the fact that we took a boring suburb with absolutely nothing interesting or progressive going on in it and did our best to create a small, but functioning and self-contained music scene. That's not easy to do. Ask any kid from a boring town. On to part two. Hoffa talked about losing the faith last time. We had different upbringings. My mom was one of the people who was Hoffa's religious school teachers. Small world, eh? So as you may be able to guess, religion has been drilled into me since I was about three weeks old. When I took that test that Hoffa mentioned, where we're supposed to raise our hands if we've accepted Jesus and the kids who don't, get a stern talking to...yeah, you guessed it. My hand was the first one up. Sad, isn't it? I hadn't thought about it a day in my life. Jesus was like an imaginary friend for me to play with. Funny, in retrospect. So yeah. Eventually I began to ask questions and received no answers. None, what so ever. I was an altar boy in elementary school, which meant I sat on either side of the priest during mass in a gross white robe and did stuff to help mass go smooth like get holy water and shit for him when he needed to

bless things. It sucked. I hated it. But it made my parents happy, and I got paid for weddings, which was cool. But I would ask the priest these questions and he would give me terrible answers. Me-"my aunt is a lesbian but she's my favorite aunt. You said that homosexuality was a sin in Sunday school, but my mom said it's okay. Will I see my aunt in heaven." The priest- "that depends on what's in her heart." Me-"oh. So homosexuality isn't a sin? The priest- "of course it is." Me- "what about abortion? My cousin got an abortion because she's only seventeen and her families real poor and couldn't afford a kid and my mom said that it's okay, but we were told in Sunday school that it was the same thing as murder. Will I see my cousin in heaven?" The priest-"maybe. Now pour the wine and put on your robe." So yeah. The worst thing you could possibly do if you want someone to remain Christian is to tell them to read the bible. One day I sat down with it to try to piece it all together (after all, it was the crux of my understanding of the universe, despite the fact that I had never even opened it), but I couldn't make heads or tails out of it. I liked the story where Jesus resurrected someone named Dorkas because I thought it was funny that Jesus said, "get up Dorkas!" It's totally in there. Go ahead and look. So my mom got me the bible on tape and made me listen to a book a night for about five or six years. By the end of it, I swear I had half of it memorized, and it still made no sense. So more questions. If abortion is wrong, why does god order Christians to kill babies on about 327 separate occasions? If murder is wrong why does god insist that his followers kill people on about 452 separate occasions? Why do Jesus and god have totally different opinions on a shit load of things? Why does Jesus have two different opinions on a shit load of things? Why does that one guy sleep with his daughters? Man, that was some fucked up shit. I've been in this conversation with rampant Christians and they tell me I just don't understand. I can't possibly understand. God is beyond me, not them, just me. Bullshit. The whole book is full of contradictions. How the hell can you even quote someone years and years after they're dead in the first place? I don't trust someone to quote me five seconds after I've said something. And then there's all the translations, and the fact that Christianity caught on by chance in Rome, and...well. It pissed me off. I was conflicted. And round about that time I became aware of the gigantic right-wing presence in American Christianity and decided that the whole mess was something I wanted nothing to do with. Just like that. I don't remember when that was, but I didn't tell anybody. When Hoffa and I were in "youth group" together, under my mom's watch, I made any excuse not to go. I was in Hoffa's boat. Those kids were nice and all, but they were too holy for me. Fuck it. So that was it. I'm not conflicted anymore. Hoffa still wrestles with the whole thing for some reason, but I think because I went through it all so hardcore when I was young, it gets thrown in the "been there, done that" pile for me. It's not much of a story, and I'll be surprised if anyone actually read it all, but Hoffa inspired me to get it on paper. Beyond that, I'm sure someone out there younger than me is going through the same thing right at this very moment and I'd like that young girl or boy to know that it's okay to say "this shit is boring. Let's read something that's not." So when I die, I guess I'm going to hell. At least I'll have read a few interesting books that have some, tiny, basis in reality. Speaking of, lately I've been reading: No Sweat - a book by a bunch of people about sweatshops and feminist theory, Bell Hooks. Lately I've been listening to: The Red Scare, Three Penny Opera, Unwound, Team Dresch, The Convocation Of..., and Portraits of Past. Please email me. I'm lonely. katchoo138@disinfo.net.

ADDIE

City Bitch – Too Nice For Her Own Good?

Daydreaming in a city kind of sucks. If it isn't the black cloud of smog choking me and waking me up, it's the cars honking or the (unnecessary) street cops yelling. All that in addition to the fact that I look out a

photo by Ron Edmonds

Unless one of those diseases hits the United States, con-

European countries and Argentina until the outbreak is

was signed Wednesday.

newed.

CBOT insiders credit new

window and all I see are huge gross skyscrapers that do nothing but obscure a perfectly good sky. Bah...so yeah, I'm in English class again...I swear, I get more writing done here than anywhere else. Every now and then I'll hear the tail-end of something that catches my ear the wrong way (like the words "enema" and "menu" in the same sentence). Even with that stimulation going on, I find it hard to pay attention. Every 10 minutes, I start spacing out, thinking about exactly what would happen if Corey and I were alone in my apartment for 45 minutes...then I get jolted out of my completely innocent reverie by the shriek of my English teacher, "Isn't it wonderful?!?!". No. Shut up. I'm sick of getting torn out of my cute little kindergarten world by shrieking English teachers. I'm also sick of being visually assaulted by flyers for a Nader-Party conference on how to "tell Bush we won't go back!". They're all over this damn school, and I'd like to personally tell all the Socialists at my school to keep their stupid yucky Socialism to themselves, okay? What I'd like to see is more Anarchists around here...and while I'm on my Seinfeld-esque "What's up with that?" ego trip (Seinfeld-esque because 1. it's not really funny and 2. nobody really gives a good god damn), I'd just like to take this opportunity to say that people at my school suck (except me and about 5 other people). That's right, if you go to the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, you probably suck. My reasoning? If you go to my school, you are 99% likely to be part of a clique. It's near-inevitable. Especially the "indie rock" and "punk rock" kids. They're really exclusive and stuck up, and a lot of them look at me with their cute little button noses turned up in disgust. Disgust at what? I'm not holding a mirror...back to my point. Currently, I don't really hang out with my school "friends". I've met most of my friends outside of school. Generally, my group of friends consists of random people I've met who also aren't the clique type, and we've always welcomed new friends. I'm not part of a clique, not have I ever been, and it's a phenomenon I still don't understand. I didn't understand it in high school, either. But high school is a completely different issue. As awful as I sound, I like making new friends. Email me at: star_struck_1@hotmail.com. Please?

Internet Hardcore: Magical Relationships Vs. Face-to-Face Actions

Ah the information age is upon us and in 2001 the effects of this computer proliferation are finally being felt in the hardcore scene, especially with the shenanigans that have taken place on HC message boards lately. In particular there was the ill-fated worker-parasite board, which met its doom late last year, which has recently been replaced by the new and improved Lightblueextra board. Of course these two boards were and are where the suburban HC kids exchange info, meet each other, solidify relationships, and talk their shit; on the other hand, the Chicago hardcore board, which is a left over from Extinction message board days, is where more of the older and urban HC types commiserate, although both of these boards are by no means exclusive or meant to be. I recently have been discussing the impact of the Internet on the hardcore scene with a wide range of people: from "scenesters" to occasional show goers, their comments and queries speak volumes about "the state of HC." A friend of mine in a prominent Chicago HC band has made the argument that the Internet is a terrible thing for HC, especially in the message board format. This sentiment was also shared by a friend of mine who writes 'zines. Basically, the main problem is that the message board as a forum is a double-edged sword at best. In other words, important information is shared and people can begin to have "real" and sustained relationships with each other, but there is also the opportunity for greater anonymity and more "magical" relationships. This idea is most clearly illustrated in almost all accounts of shit talking on the web. Everyone and anyone

can say whatever they want under a pseudonym, but the accused never gets a chance to actually face the accuser. And even when shit talkers know who each other are, face-to-face relationships are "magical" and down right fake, which means each person puts on the air of liking the other person and the conflict of ideas doesn't reach a resolution. This problem of the Internet goes even further. I mentioned earlier how there are two prominent HC boards in the area, one more urban and one more suburban. This points to the separation and "cliqueyness" that is still present in this scene still striving for unity. For me this scene is a force that brings people together; recently there was a show at the Darien Sportsplex where urban and suburban bands played together—it was amazing—but still there was an element of that inherent separation. The Internet is not all bad for HC, it allowed this show and many others to be set up easily and at the convenience of those involved in the conversation, but the real question here is—Is communication via the web good enough for a scene that is predicated on progressive and even radical social change?—In order to expand the HC notion of political and social change I challenge all of us to try and organize and participate in forming affinity groups. For example, this summer I plan on forming a small group of people to paint pieces on some of the crappy corporate developments that have been springing up in my area. Those interested can ironically email me at counterAfriction@aol.com.

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BOY LION

One of the newer bands to pop up in Chicago, Boy Lion is sure to turn some heads with the good lucks and the guitar hooks. Hints from older bands like Captain Jazz and Braid sometimes pop into my head when I take pictures of them and later sell them on E-Bay for a lot of money. I like money, do you? Questions answered by Matt

I forgot who told me, but someone mentioned to me how your band got the name Boy Lion. Isn't it because your penis can make growling noises?

Not exactly. Don't get me wrong, I can do it, but that's not why. It's named after a wonderful piece of artwork that was featured in one of the York High School art shows. Sean Ahmad, thank you for your inspiration.

Besides making your penis growl, what other things do you do while you're not playing in Boy Lion?

Well, I am the Vice-President of the DePaul Dodgeball Society...there are currently over 60 members and I'm more than a little disappointed with the fact that you never come out. Travis is working on a band called "something" North Star and some DePaul kids and I are starting the Fucking Brown Party. We work and go to school too.

Tell us about your relationship with MOC Records.

Well I guess Nick (drummer) sent out our demo CD to MOC and Voss liked it and came out to see us and liked that too and offered to put out our CD. Right now we are still looking to record a full length to be released this summer. He's been super nice to us and has been promoting our shows and helping us out and we couldn't be happier.

Both you and I play tennis. Do you think I could still beat you 6-0, 6-0 if I lost one of my legs and one of my arms?

More than likely. I played my Dad a bit over winter break and I still can't beat him so I'm going to assume that you'd whoop me like usual. I'm willing to give it a shot whenever you are ready.

Why is Elmhurst better than Villa Park... wait, let me rephrase that, why will Villa Park never be better than Elmhurst?

It's like this... we are. Period. I don't really want to get into it all. I mean, we love plenty of kids from across the border but when it comes to the actual town... Elmhurst will take V.P. any day of the week. I mean, our town motto is "Elmhurst, A Proud Community." I think V.P.'s motto is, "The McDonalds Indoor Playground is really nice."

What would Boy Lion sound like if you had no members in the band?

It's like the sound of one hand clapping, without the rest, there isn't much rock you know? The actual Boy Lion sound is halfway between a kid going through puberty and a lame roar.

Explain to the readers a little bit about the anti-Mojo's movement that you seem to be apart of?

Ok. This "venue", if you want to call it that, just bends customers over and screws them all. If you haven't heard the story it goes a little like this. We arrive to play at 5:30 for a 6:00 show and are then informed that the show won't begin until 9. They make anyone who is waiting to see the show buy a drink to stay in the building. At 9 they make everyone exit and stand in the cold, pay to get back in, then buy another drink. Buy now everyone has paid at least a good $10 bucks and then the bands play and before God's Reflex even gets a chance to rock they close the place down and yell at us to get out. It was the most unprofessional and exploitative thing I've ever seen. I don't recommend anyone go or play there. Sorry that's a long story.

Any words of wisdom?

Go to www.boylion.com. I don't know when this is being put out but we are playing like mad in April so come check it out. You should also come to Dodgeball Monday nights at DePaul at 9 PM. And check out the new MOC records site at www.mocrecords.com. I love you Durkin. Fucking Brown Party!!

Police Blotter

■ A 20-year-old employee of United Parcel Service, 150 S. Lombard Rd., recently was arrested after she was accused of grabbing a co-worker by the shirt and repeatedly punching her during a quarrel, police said. Ladonna Harris of the 3200 block of West Palmer Street, Chicago, was charged with battery, police said.

■ A 20-year-old Addison Township man recently was arrested after he was accused of using profane language in a dental office at 26 W. Lake St., police said. James W. Daniszewski of the 0 N 500 block of Broadview Avenue, near Addison, was charged with disorderly conduct, police said.

■ A 21-year-old woman early Thursday awoke in her bedroom in the 200 block of Schiller Avenue to find a man near her bed, police said. She got up and pushed the man away and he ran out of the house.

■ Police said they recently arrested a 17-year-old Addison resident in his home after he was accused of wagering on a dice game. Juhanius V. Gladney of the 900 block of College Boulevard was charged with gambling, police said.

■ A 24-year-old Downers Grove man was arrested Wednesday after reportedly refusing to leave Fitz's Pub, 183 N. Addison Ave. Police said they found Mustafa Ouchen, of the 2100 block of Prentiss Street, urinating on bushes near the tavern and charged him with disorderly conduct.

■ A local man was charged with aggravated criminal sexual abuse after a recent incident in the emergency room of Delnor-Community Hospital, 300 S. Randall Rd. Police said Alan Alfredson, 39, of the 800 block of Richards Street, touched a nurse in an inappropriate manner while claiming to need help going to the bathroom. The nurse was uninjured. Alfredson was also charged with aggravated battery.

Photo Gallery

Now With Titles!!

Hoffa Caught Hitting on Something Other Than Girls?
By
Authority Abuse

No Money, No Nothing!
By
Tommy Camaro

Young Kids Banging
By
Columbus, OH Destruction Crew

Big Irish Man Sings For Upcoming Adolescent Group
By
Strength And Numbers

Cheerful Suburban Band Goes Satanic
By
Frontside

Someone Needs To Get Off The Stage To Take a Shit
By
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expansion.

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officer, "will provide Nuo
with a strong presence in th
U.S. water and water-servic

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Europe's crisis

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are no signs yet that Amer

La Mantra De Fhiqria

You know a band is smart when they can answer your questions in a couple of words. Hell, my uncle was one of the smartest guys that I've ever known and his last words before he died on the toilet where "ahhhhh". Such a smart guy and such content last words. La Mantra De Fhiqria sort of reminds me of a guy dying on the toilet. It's good shit. Questions answered by Tim.

How does a man fish if he has no rod?

You see the problem with rods is they were banned at Columbus Fest last year so if I want to be able to go back I can't answer any questions about them.

How does a woman kiss if she has no lips?

I guess she'd be out of luck, but I could suggest a little product called anti-freeze (if you know what I mean...)

How does a one Rocky still have any self-respect left if his last name isn't Balboa?

Three words: Witness Protection Program.

How does a piece of hair remain emo if it is not black?

I'm afraid that's scientifically impossible.

How does a penis erect if it has no shaft?

I think you mean Die Hard With a Vengeance, right?

How does a copy machine make copies if there is no secretary's ass sitting on top of it?

I mean really what do you think the people on the sun look like? Do you think if they came here they'd have to wear like a North Face jacket or something?

How does an ass flap seemed justified if there is no Aus Rotton logo on it?

The truth is the scene council just decided that if an ass flap does not have an Aus Rotten logo on it the offender is then officially a dork (or the other way around depending on what scene council you think is the proper one). I've also heard that Blanks 77, Disrupt, and Celtic Frost are acceptable ass wear.

How does a one Peter Chauncy and one Tim Murphy make love if they have no sexual chocolate?

The aforementioned subject is not required for asexual reproduction.

Murphy released W-2s he filed from 1998 to 2000, showing he earned $24,000 in legal fees during the period. He was reacting to allegations by Dale Berman, his Republican opponent in

said.

"I didn't achieve all those improvements working part time," Murphy said. "To pretend that a few real estate closings a year interfere with my work as a supervisor is a cynical joke."

"The fact is I averaged about $8,000 a year from the law firm," he said. "I probably saved the township double that by reviewing, researching and drafting legal documents myself instead of

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Stephanie Pingel struggled to keep her footing on the steep slope as bystanders held their

These DARE events prove that you don't need drugs to have fun.'

Zine Reviews

My Dirty Hands / #6 / $1 – I dig it. You get a good twenty plus pages here of two girls talking the game of life over email. Yeah, a couple boyfriends, some tears, surprisingly no beers, and some talk about personal fears and you got yourself a Grammy here. I too like emailing people and talking about life. The only thing I didn't get about this zine was the title "My Dirty Hands". I felt like sending the writer an email to tell her that she can clean her hands with soap and they won't be dirty anymore….it's really that simple. Maybe if I emailed her about that she'd print our conversation in her next issue. Food for thought. (My Dirty Hands / 6882 Chestnut St. / Hanover Park, IL 60103)

Jaded in Chicago / #11 / Free – Good ole Bill Denker throwin' another issue of JIC in our face. Denk out does himself with his beloved scene points in this issue. I mean hell, interviews with Less Than Jake, New Found Glory, The Weakerthans, One Man Army, and Gods Reflex, Dank has got it all. The things that really shine through in this issue are: the column by Ryan Durkin, The Sound Interrupt zine review, and the interview with Ryan Durkin on the Elmhurst vs. Villa Park compilation. Everything else is pretty much secondary. (Jaded In Chicago / 4031 Forest Ave. / Western Springs, IL 60558)

Thought Bombs / #13.5 / Donation – Another issue, another dose, spreading the politics like man butter from coast to coast. I don't know how he does it but all his zines are top notch and they always make me want to go out and drink beer. In this issue his son, Stanton, continues to show off his prolific art skills by drawing a house with a penis sticking out of its roof. If you think about it the penis and the chimney share a lot in common. The chimney and the penis both shoot up something, and in both cases that thing is white in color. Man, I've said it once and I'll say it again, we can learn so much from our youth. (Anthony Rayson / PO Box 721 / Homewood, IL 60430)

Shazzbutt! / #5 / $1 – I have to hand it to Mark. I watched this guy drink a cup of urine for $20 just so he could print this zine. I probably shouldn't have watched him drink that shit because every time I try to sit down and read this issue I kept getting this urine taste in my mouth. Mark, I have nothing but respect for you because of what you did to print this issue, but I wasn't able to read your zine because I just couldn't get over that urine taste in my mouth every time I read it. Sorry bro, but keep the urine in the toilet where it belongs, cool? (Shazzbutt! / 5413 S. 6th Ave. / Countryside, IL 60525)

Armchair Revolution / #10 / Free – Celebrating his two year anniversary, Johnnie Armchair releases issue number 10 of Armchair Revolution. I too am also celebrating my two year anniversary of not giving anyone a credit card. Not like a plastic one, but the one where you go up to some one and swipe your hand through their butt cheeks. The last kid I did that to still gives me weird looks. Can't a man give another man some credit? (Armchair Revolution / 2847 7th Ave: Apt 3 / Rock Island, IL 61201)

Record Reviews

ATFO / "Sing Along With" / Self-Released / CD – Probably one of the most destructive bands ever to come out of the Chicago suburbs. This was a fun band to watch. After ever show that these guys played I would get the same feeling as the time when I urinated in a plastic cup and threw it off my balcony, hitting my dad who was beneath it. Man was he pissed, no pun intended. Anyhow, these boys were one of my favorites. You just don't see this type of "piss people off" punk that much anymore. (ATFO / 105 S. Can-Dota / Mt. Prospect, IL 60056)

Class Action / "Never A Dull Moment" / Afro Pubes Records / CD – Continuing their dominance over suburban punk rock Afro Pubes releases Class Action out of Elmhurst, IL. I learned three things from this CD. 1.)Afro Pubes should buy this band some prostitutes so they wouldn't have to write all their songs about needing girlfriends. 2.)I could use a prostitute. 3.)Is prostitution PC or should I not be talking about it…some one email me on that one, thanks. With that said I think this is a very fine effort from these young men and not in that fruit juice very fine way, but in that sweater and glasses, tight pants on toned ass's type of way. Good night. (Afro Pubes Records / 168 Fairlane Ave. / Elmhurst, IL 60126)

Arranged Tone Schedule / "Too" / Phonetic / CD – Gosh, where to begin. Alright, lets start with a big large stainless steel silver bowl. Throw some cocaine in there, a couple cigarettes, a picture of your ex-girlfriend or boyfriend (naked if possible so others can see their assets or portfolios), 3 bouncy balls, 2 teaspoons of sugar, and a videotape of 2001 Space Odyssey. After you're finished doing that, mix everything together really well and then turn off the lights and throw the bowl across the room. Turn the lights back on and you get this album in a nutshell, it's like doing acid on the moon basically. (phoneticontrol@hotmail.com)

Sig Transit Gloria / "S/T" / Johanns Face Records / CD – They're back and they're bad. This is their follow up to the "sweeter than watching someone lose $1 in a vending machine" CDEP put out last year. Really catchy pop songs and a lot of different colored carpets portrayed in the artwork make this a fine pickup for anyone who dislikes hard wood floors and can admit to leaving Michael Jackson songs on when they are scanning through the radio. These guys are so good that they might even be better than Uptown.., but I'll have to think about that more. (Johanns Face Records / PO Box 479164 / Chicago, IL 60647)

V/A / "Chicago Arise From the Ashes" / Sinister Label / CD – What can I say, I'm really impressed with this compilation. In my opinion it is probably one of the best punk compilations to be put out in Chicago along with Thick Records compilation released awhile back. So many good songs on this disc and so little time to smoke a bowl while listening to them. Some of my favorites include Mexican Cheerleader and John Brown Battery among others. And I thought Jaded In Chicago had a slick layout, right? But when I looked at this comp I finally made the connection: Punk guys with spiked hair will always have good layouts. Sinister Label for 2001! (craig@sinisterlabel.com)

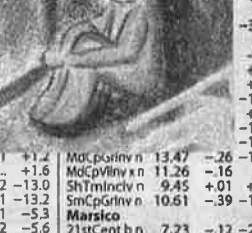
Tomsawyer / "S/T" / Self-Released / CD – It took me awhile to get this disc playing because it was caked with some spray-paint on it, but once I got the tunes pumpin I had my trunk rattling all the way down 290 West. Good stuff here, like drinking some hot water and eating jawbreakers if you catch my lingo. Some sound bites are thrown in to keep you movie freaks on your feet. You read the book about that man, now go buy the CD. (Karma1201@aol.com)

Screemo / "Low Rent Art" / All Malt Records / CD – At first I thought I was going to hair a bunch of kids yelling about spaceships and politics because of the band name, but what I found was something that very well put in the title of the record "Low Rent Art". The rock was full throttle on this record. I felt like I was at one of those homosexual rodeo's that my roommate and his boyfriend brought me to last year, except I didn't hear anyone on this record comment about how my "curly hair is just the cutest thing ever". Oh well, just like the rodeo this disc got my attention. (All Malt Records / PO Box 1083 / Eau Claire, WI 54702-1083)

V.Reverse / "Now>Then: Complete Recordings 1995-1997" / Arms Reach Recordings / CD – Yes, it is finally here. By far one of the most underrated bands ever to come out of Chicago, along with the likes of My Lai and others. Compiled here are all of the V/Reverse recordings spanning their short existence. Just think, you get 18 songs with that patented Doug Ward growl and that wonderful guitar work from Sir Patrick Scott. Man that's almost better than hearing my Grandpa hold a conversation with my answering machine for 2 minutes. Long live V.Reverse, long live Doug Ward bands, and long live Underdog. (Arms Reach Recordings / 1624 W. Columbia Ave. #1S / Chicago, IL 60626)

Chuck Monroe / "Fast, Crappy, and Sloppy EP..I Mean LP" / Self-Released / CD – Well it is definitely fast, and it is definitely sloppy, but I don't think it is crappy. Anybody who has a song called "Happy Birthday" has more balls than a storage closet in a high school gym, so I have to give Chuck Monroe props for that one. Also, anybody who thanks one of the wildest and most fucked up bands to come about in a while, .farcus., also deserves some respect. So I'll rename this record and call it "Fast and Sloppy Or The Equivalent Of Having Sex While Trying To Eat Really Spicy Barbecue Chicken". Yeah, I think that works well. (www.chuckmonroe.com)

Offyourself / "S/T" / Fudge Sickill Records / CD – It looks like Offyourself is still sticking to the same formula here, playing good music and doing a lot of cocaine, which is really sad if you ask me. They could do so much more if they would just drop the drugs. Referring back to their lyrics, Offyourself shows they won't be dropping the drugs anytime soon by shouting "We don't care about the kids, we don't care what they buy as long as we get some money so we can shoot up and get high!". Gosh, I don't know what else to say. I hope these guys find some help and find it soon. (Fudge Sickill Records / 444 S. Illinois / Villa Park, IL 60181)



RiseAgainst

Formed out of the ruins of 88 Fingers Louie and Baxter, Rise Against punch in with the old Chicago sound that was prevalent in the early 90's. Fast paced punk played well and to the point. It's good to see a band like this around in Chicago to help add a little more diversity to the scene. Questions answered by Joe.

I understand Rise Against just got back from touring, how did it go, any interesting things happen?

The tour was very cut and dry. Drive, play, sleep, repeat. Nothing too exciting happened. I would have expected more stories from a first tour.

Since you guys have been involved in punk for a while, what things have you notice change over the years in this scene?

The flavor of the month style changed a whole lot over the last few years. When I started going to shows everyone wanted to be Fugazi, then it was NOFX, and now it's the Get Up Kids. It cracks me up.

For you, what is the main difference between 88 Fingers Louie and Rise Against?

Tim, our singer, is the main difference. His vocal style and lyrics make us what we are.

Any thoughts on the Fireside Bowl closing?

I think it sucks. All these kids bitch about that place, but they'll realize really quick how important it is. Smaller bands can't play the Metro so they're going to have a hard time finding a decent smaller sized venue to play.

I know that you guys just played some shows in Canada. How would you compare the Canadian punk scene with the US punk scene?

They go off. We don't have an album out yet and these kids still went off for us. It was a good feeling.

I always assumed that Rise Against would be on Hopeless Records because of 88 Fingers Louie, what was behind you decision to go with Fat Records?

Fat is a better label pure and simple. They have great worldwide distribution, the money to back a band, and they still maintain their punk rock ethics.

Besides the band, what else are you guys involved in?

Dan records bands in his basement and the rest of us just hangout and have jobs. I still skate when I can.

What does the future hold for Rise Against?

We want to get out to as many people as possible. Tour, tour, tour. Ya know, take it as far as it can go.

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Bye Bye

I don't know about some of you, but when I was younger my parents forced me to go to something call CCD. CCD was theoretically supposed to help young catholic kids mature into their spiritual lives. There was only one problem, I didn't have a spiritual life to mature into. I can't tell you how bad we were in those CCD classes. Whether it was flushing the Bible down the toilet or unplugging Nate "Klingon's" keyboard before mass started so we could watch him get all embarrassed when he started to play on it and couldn't hear one fucking thing come out of the speakers, we were always fucking shit up. Hell, we even caused the main priest to get so upset after we rigged the "goody goody" girl's chair to fall apart when she sat on it that he called my friend a "goddamn piece of shit". I remember they would make us sing all of these stupid songs about Abraham doing this and Moses doing this. Instead of singing the words we would substitute other things in. Take this one first instance, the real words went something like this "On the shore we will stand in heaven we will sit. We will rise to the father when he sees it fit." Our version went something like this, "On the shore we will stand in heaven we will sit. We won't wipe the fathers ass when he takes a shit." Yeah, that's the stuff that kept me going besides watching that one girl always popping her pimples when she starting talking about Jesus. Some people are just weird...maybe I shouldn't talk.

Thanx to the following for making this issue possible: Boy Lion, La Mantra De Fhiqria, Rise Against, Dave Hoffa, Craig Sinister, Katherine Peters, John Finaldi, Addie, Mike Lorr, Dan Agent, Kevin Corazza, Todd Fuist, Eric Broers, Harmless Records, Sinister Records, Afro Pubes Records, and Fudgesickill Records.

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Parks advocacy groups have long advocated making admissions for the nine museums in Chicago's parks more affordable for city residents because taxpayers subsidize the mu-

Tribune staff reporter

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"Those who face disconnection have not made any pay-

reap huge returns, but within weeks all the money was gone.

In Chicago, he littered the

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*Through Wednesday Source: Bridge

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FUTURES ..... PAGE

of service cutoff

By Jon Van
Tribune staff reporter

Thousands of businesses across the count their high-speed vice in the next we NorthPoint Com filing for bankr tion.

WorldCom Com UUNET division,

because in many cases it uses NorthPoint facilities to reach its customers.

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Once a highflier, Nor was set to be acquired la by Verizon Communi the nation's largest loca carrier.

But Verizon balked in NorthPoint's long with man riented st rp., the nation listance carri ght many of sets, but AT&T quire it to co

U.S., a ght de

By John Crawley
Reuters

WASHINGTON government and have launched a change how flight ported to the pu Aviation Admini ministrator Jane Wednesday.

The pilot init break down delay and other causes, a giving consumers information than now, she told a hearing.

Peter Challan, t sociate administr air traffic service ers later that the

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